THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

What though a cruel Karma tore me from
you for my western birth of nightmares ?
What though even since our meeting my sins
have sometimes screened your face ?
Never can the fetters love has forged
through so many lives be broken, always
will you draw me with hands across the sea
and cords around the world as strong as steel
though soft as silk. Not even do the barriers
of death and rebirth themselves for long divide
us. Sounding across continents and oceans,
bridging divisions of race and colour, your
voice in clear imperious accents calls me ever
and again back to you, and as I kneel to kiss
your feet I hear the soft insistent whisper,
" Easier can the earth leave the sun than you
can run away from us ! "
The world never knows of its greatest men.
So that pure and blessed House beneath the
gilt umbrella of the Umbrella alace and
surrounded by all the umbrella domes of the
departed Dynasty of Oudh, in grounds where
once the five thousand ladies of the royal

harem lived, has no external mark upon it that Children of the Highest are dwelling there.

Is it only in the fancy of us to whom it is Earth's Elysium that the birds carol clearer,

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